

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

*Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819: followed by an Historical Sketch on the Manners and Customs of Ancient and Modern Helvetia, in which the Events of our own Time are fully detailed, together with the Causes to which they may be referred.* By L. Simond, author of a Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1168. London, 1822.

MR. SIMOND is well known, to the Continental public at least, by his *Tour in Great Britain*, which was published in 1816, with great success. Though born a Frenchman, yet becoming an early exile of the revolution, in which his father and brother perished at the siege of Lyons in 1793, he learned to forget many of the prejudices of his countrymen against England, and was, perhaps, the first French writer that ever spoke of us with impartiality. Passing many years of his banishment in America, he acquired a complete knowledge of the English language, and in the transition from a despotic monarchy to a republic, he soon learned to appreciate the merits of a government like that of England, in which the monarchical and democratic principle are equally combined and preserved. Those who have read Mr. Simond's former work, will be glad to see a new production from his pen, even though on a subject which has been much amplified by previous travellers and historians. But much as has been written on Switzerland, an intelligent traveller like Mr. Simond could not fail to find enough that is interesting and even novel in a country remarkable for its geography, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, the diversity of its local government, and its military character, which had so much influence on the European wars of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. Switzerland seems composed of elements the most heterogeneous; for,

notwithstanding its geographical position and mountain enclosure, and the pastoral life of its inhabitants,—notwithstanding its peaceable character and attachment to religion and morals; the Swiss are not only a warlike people, but, the readiness with which they have engaged in wars in which they had no national object, has become proverbial, and the word Swiss is but another name for a man who lets his sword on hire to whoever bids for it.

Mr. Simond's work combines a view of Switzerland as it is and has been for many ages; all the changes that have taken place being detailed and traced to their origin. Every one has heard of the mountains, lakes, avalanches, and glaciers of Switzerland, and though Mr. Simond does not neglect noticing any of these, yet he shews that they are not the only things that Switzerland is worth visiting for. His work is a modest and unassuming narrative, consisting of a series of fine, lively, and pleasant observations and descriptions made on the spot, thus recording fresh impressions, and drawing from nature the objects which passed under his eye. Such cursory reflections as they had suggested were matured at leisure, and the facts verified. Free from all national prejudices, the slave of no political theory, and, with the rigid impartiality of one who wishes rather to relieve himself of his own observations than to make a book, Mr. Simond has proved himself an intelligent traveller and an instructive historian. Mr. Simond's tour is not, certainly, a scientific one, for to science it makes no pretension; and, though neither insensible to the physical phenomena nor the grand scenes of nature which Switzerland presents, yet Mr. Simond is neither genealogist, mineralogist, nor crystallographist; and, though travelling in a country so rich in subjects for the lovers of scientific research, yet, in describing these subjects, he seldom uses the technicalities of science, or introduces a word that will drive a boarding school miss to a chemical dictionary or any other scientific nomenclature. But a truce to our ex-

ordium, and let us 'draw the curtain and shew the picture.'

The first volume of this work is devoted to a description of Switzerland, its natural curiosities, local peculiarities, &c. The second is entirely occupied with the history of the country.

Mr. Simond commences his first note, not with Switzerland certainly, but with that once favourite place, Fontainebleau, which, like Versailles, now presents the sad picture of grandeur in decay; grass grows in the streets, and the pavement remains unsullied from one rainy day to another. This forlorn state, which began at Versailles with the revolution, only commenced here with its close; for Fontainebleau was an imperial villa under Bonaparte:

'Strangers who visit Fontainebleau are shewn the stairs by which the emperor came down to the great court, to review, for the last time, the remnants of an army with which he was going to part, and the small table upon which he signed his abdication, as well as the mark of an angry kick he gave to that table! an antechamber anecdote, for the correctness of which I do not vouch. Here is another: the pen with which the emperor had signed his abdication became, as may be supposed, an object of great interest to curious or idle travellers visiting this palace,—that is, to the English, who form the great majority of these travellers! One of them bought this valuable pen for much more than its weight in gold, to the great disappointment of those who followed; but the good-nature of the domestic who shows the apartment, suggested to him the expedient of supplying another pen; it soon found another amateur, who would have it to himself. Matters could not stop there, and no English traveller since has been disappointed of the true pen of the abdication.'

In the account of Dijon and its neighbourhood, our author says,—

'A few comfortable residences, scattered about the country, have lately put us in mind how very rare they are in general: instead of them, you meet, not unfrequently, some ten or twenty miserable peasants, crowded together round what was formerly the strong-hold of the lord of the manor; a narrow, dark, prison-like building, with small grated windows, embattled walls, and turrets peeping over thatched roofs; the lonely cluster seem



unconnected with the rest of the country, and may be said to represent the feudal system, as plants in a *hortus siccus* the règne végétal. Long before the revolution, châteaux had been forsaken by their *seigneurs*, for the nearest country town, where Monsieur le Comte, or Monsieur le Marquis, decorated with the cross of St. Louis, made shift to live on his paltry seigniorial dues and rent, ill paid by a starving peasantry; spending his time in reminiscences of gallantry with the old dowagers of the place, who rouged and wore patches, dressed in hoops and high heeled shoes, full four inches, and long pointed elbow-ruffles, balanced with lead.

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'The whole rural population is at work in the fields; women as well as men. The women wear very white caps and immense straw hats, bright red striped handkerchiefs over their shoulders, wooden shoes, and no stockings. They are employed in weeding corn-fields, which want it sadly, and use, for that purpose, a sort of double-edged bill-hook. The men wear blue cotton smock-frocks, and many of them military cocked hats, preposterously large. They plough with all sorts of cattle: cows, oxen, horses, asses, often harnessed together; we are told, that a woman has been yoked with a hog of the species just described, patiently ploughing together. Small proprietors husband their slender means how they may. All tools in general, and agricultural tools in particular, are here remarkably clumsy and awkward; the large hoe, or rather, mattock, used to dress vineyards, is extremely heavy, and the handle so short, that the unhappy labourers work absolutely bent double; and *vignerons* are known by their habitual stoop and worn-out appearance. One half of the strength of the horse is employed in drawing the cart without a load, and the inertia of the plough is more difficult to overcome than that of the soil; and the additional strength of wood and iron being injudiciously applied, adds nothing to the durability.'

Mr. Simond's expression of his feelings on first crossing the frontier into Switzerland, affords a good example of his descriptive powers, although he says, that 'no task is in general more discouragingly unsuccessful than picturesque description.'

'The lake of Neuchatel, far below on the left, and those of Morat and of Vienne, like mirrors set in deep frames, are contrasted by the tranquillity of their lucid surfaces, with the dark shades and broken grounds and ridges of the various landscape. Beyond this vast extent of country, its villages and towns, woods, lakes, and mountains; beyond all terrestrial objects—beyond the horizon itself, rose a long range of aerial forms of the softest pale pink hue; these were the high Alps, the rampart of Italy, from Mont-Blanc, in Savoy, to the glaciers of

the Oberland, and even farther. Their angle of elevation seen from this distance is very small indeed; faithfully represented in a drawing the effect would be insignificant, but the aerial perspective amply restored those proportions lost in the mathematical perspective.

'The human mind thirsts after immensity and immutability, and duration without bounds, but it needs some tangible object as a point of rest from which to take its flight, something present to lead to futurity, something bounded from whence to rise to the infinite. This vault of the heavens over our heads, sinking all terrestrial objects into absolute nothingness, might seem best fitted to awaken the creative powers of the mind; but mere space is not a perceptible object to which we can readily apply a scale, while the Alps, seen at a glance between heaven and earth, met, as it were on the confines of the regions of fancy and of sober reality, are there like written characters, traced by a divine hand, suggesting thoughts such as human language never reached.'

The next is still better:—

'The Val-Travers is overlooked on one side by the *Creux-du-Var*, a site well deserving a description. The Jura forms here a mighty terrace, a great piece of which seems to have been scooped out or to have sunk into the earth, in a semi-circular horse-shoe shape. I found the circumference of this prodigious hole measured, by walking all round, along the edge of the precipice, to be upwards of nine thousand feet (two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three great steps), and the depth nearly eight hundred feet, at a place where I could conveniently throw a stone, which was seven seconds in falling from the top to the bottom. Near the entrance the depth is much greater, probably three times, for it reaches down to the valley. What an amphitheatre the Romans might have made there for the whole empire to sit at ease in, and see twenty thousand gladiators of a side contending for their bloody trophies; their shrieks would have come on the ear of the spectators like the crash of thunder, for there never was such an echo in the world: the firing of a gun, we had brought on purpose, produced an effect quite terrific, repeated with singular variety and force all round the circumference during several minutes, like a *feu-de-file*, or the successive discharge of batteries of cannon. An unlucky botanist, in pursuit of some rare plant, was killed here a few months ago; he had ventured too far on a projecting point, which gave way under him, and he fell down to the bottom.'

But we must not indulge too freely in quoting descriptions of Swiss scenery, otherwise we shall leave room for nothing else. Of the Pestalozzi system of education, which has been more praised than understood, and which, after all, is nothing, M. Si-

mond gives an account which he had from the venerable founder himself:—

'The whole life of Pestalozzi has been devoted to usefulness, but in endeavouring to promote the welfare of mankind, his own was always out of the question. His apostolical poverty and simplicity, the homeliness of his appearance, and, above all, his obscure and perplexed elocution, had never recommended his active and energetic virtues to the notice of the world, if public calamities had not called them forth into action on a conspicuous stage. The bloody 9th of September, 1798, having left many children of Underwalden fatherless, Pestalozzi collected at Stantz about eighty of these destitute orphans, and undertook to provide for their wants of body and mind; but the house he occupied having been soon taken away from him, for a military hospital, he had, with his adopted family, to seek shelter elsewhere. Berne provided him with another house, and made him liberal offers, but, in the year 1804, he finally settled at Yverdon, where an ancient castle was appropriated to the use of his school.

'The great aim of Mr. Pestalozzi was to make his pupils construct the sciences themselves, as far as they were able, first exciting a spirit of inquiry among them, by conversations properly directed, by the disclosure of curious facts connected with these sciences, and then leaving them to pursue the object for some time, without assistance and in their own way, before suggesting any of those artificial rules, which, at the same time that they almost mechanically facilitate the progress of the pupil towards any particular science, leave him in ignorance with regard to its rationale, and do not improve his mental faculties in general. The school being only preparatory, and for pupils under fourteen years of age, intended afterwards for higher, or at least more special, schools, or to be sent into the world to earn their bread as artizans, the object was less to teach, than to prepare the pupils to be taught, to give them the ready use of their tools; and considering how little, before this age, children really learn, it may readily be admitted, that whatever might be gained by this method, at least no time was lost. Mr. Pestalozzi thinks that public education is but an inferior substitute for domestic education, and that the former is good only in proportion as it resembles the latter. therefore, he deems mutual love and confidence between master and pupil indispensable to secure a favourable result. Wishing to ascertain how far practice agreed with theory, I have not only assisted at some of the lessons, but I have examined several of the pupils, respecting the sort of intercourse they have with the masters, and the employment of their time from morning to night, and set it all down under their eyes. The result of these inquiries is, that the mode of teaching is in fact very little different from what it is in other schools; the masters

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teach arithmetic, geography, geometry, &c., from elementary books, that is, dictate to the pupil his mode of proceeding, and, as to *love and confidence*, Mr. Pestalozzi is himself now too old to have much conversation with his pupils, and the masters under him see them at the hours of instruction only, and love them about as much as in other schools masters do love their scholars, and no more. *Aux taloches près*, this was the expression one of the pupils used; excepting a box on the ear occasionally, there is nothing very paternal in their intercourse with the pupils; and once the master for religious instruction, in an angry moment, as I was told, burst one of the desks with a blow of his fist: "*C'est beau cela pour un maître de religion*," observed my informant, an intelligent boy, who, however, had no dislike to the school, nor any wish to leave it.

Accompanying our author to the Canton de Vaud, he says,—

'The castle of Grandson recalls to mind an interesting anecdote of the fourteenth century, concerning two ancient and powerful families, whose respective castles and estates lay on opposite sides of the lake: the Grandsons on the north-west side; and the Estavayers on the south-east, where the town of that name now stands. The knights of France and England, of Burgundy and Savoy, bore testimony to the valour of Otho de Grandson; and his chivalrous accomplishments had made, it seems, a fatal impression on the heart of Catherine de Belp, wife of Gerard d'Estavayer. The husband, not ignorant of his disgrace, but unwilling to come to an open rupture with a wife, heiress to great estates, dissembled the injury, and waited for a favourable opportunity to be revenged; which the mysterious death of Amé VII., Duke of Savoy, killed while hunting, seemed to furnish. Otho of Grandson was known to have disliked the duke. It was enough for Estavayer to accuse him openly before the grand bailli of the Pays de Vaud, Louis de Joinville, offering to prove the charge by single combat, in the *ban-de-moudon*. A cause so important, between such illustrious adversaries, could not fail to excite universal attention; and when Amé VIII. appointed the day and place of meeting (the 7th of August, 1397, at *Bourg-en-Bresse*), noble barons and knights hastened from the neighbouring states, and even from distant parts of Europe, to witness the combat.

'Otho, although in a declining state of health, scorned to avoid the encounter on that account; but when he appeared before the assembly, he reminded them of a solemn inquest held after the death of the duke, and that not a shadow of suspicion had been found to rest upon him; "how can it be otherwise," continued he, "when none of the noble knights of Savoy were present, some of whom were related by blood to the late prince, and all of them

his vassals, has thought it his duty to challenge me, 'as this Estavayer has done, for private purposes. '*He liès*," added he: "*so much the worse for him—so much the better for me!*" Amé of Savoy rose, bowed, and, crossing himself, said, "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, amen; *que gage de bataille soit fait, et se fasse, and let us in-treat the divine judge to afford protection to the good cause, and render truth manifest.*"

'The two champions, for whose appearance on the appointed day, twenty-one knights had given bail, each in one thousand marks, entered the lists on caparisoned steeds, and completely armed, each with a lance, two swords, and a dagger. During the desperate combat which ensued, the spectators, divided into opposite parties, with their respective badges and colours, evinced the liveliest interest. In the end, success did not attend the best cause; Otho falling lifeless on the field. Amé de Savoy took immediate possession of Grandson and all the domains of the unfortunate Otho, regardless of the claims of his brother, the last of the race.'

The lake of Bienné is celebrated for Rousseau's island; but, if we are to believe our traveller, the mountains which surround the lake have so monotonous and tame an outline, and are so stripped of wood and disfigured by vulgar inclosures and vineyards, that the daily and protracted extacies of the philosopher of Geneva, while lying on his back in his boat, and drifted at the mercy of the wind and waves, could have little to do with what he saw, and must have been the fruit of his own fertile fancy alone:—

'Rousseau's residence, the only house, I believe, on the island, is a substantial, neat, and orderly farm-house, built round a court shaded by a huge walnut tree; it is also a house of entertainment for curious travellers, whose names are recorded in a book, with sentimental effusions about Rousseau. We copied a few of them, as well as the critical remarks of less friendly travellers, some of them amusing enough, but it would scarcely be fair to swell this book with quotations of young ladies' and gentlemen's poetry. A portly Swiss beauty, our landlady, introduced us to Rousseau's room, in the state he left it, very scantily furnished, and the bare walls scribbled over with the same sort of enthusiastic rhapsodies about the Genevan philosopher as fill the book. Looking over this book, we ascertained that the proportion of travellers from different countries stands thus: fifty-three Swiss and Germans, four Prussians, two Dutch, one Italian, five French, three Americans, and twenty-eight English.'

At Constance, Mr. Simond visited the hall where the celebrated council was held, which is now an old rambling

house, where the country people hold their fair or market for yarn:—

'The hall in which that memorable assembly sat is very spacious: measured by my steps, it appeared to be sixty feet wide and one hundred and fifty-three feet long; the ceiling, about seventeen feet high, is supported by two rows of wooden pillars, to which leathern shields, measuring three feet and a half by eighteen inches, are suspended. If the red cross upon them indicates they had belonged to Crusaders, they would be of greater antiquity still than the council, since the last Crusade preceded it one hundred and fifty years. The thick walls bear marks of partitions between each window, indicating the cells where the fathers of the council were shut up while forming those solemn decisions which ultimately decided nothing. A hole in the gate is still seen, through which provisions and other necessities used to be introduced; and near that entrance, the places where a count and a bishop stood sentry night and day. The dusty seats of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope Martin V. are there, unceremoniously filled on market-days by old women selling yarn, wholly unconscious of the awe those who filled these seats inspired four hundred years ago, and ignorant even of their names. In the cathedral the spot is marked by traditions (Mr. Ebel says, by a piece of brass in the pavement, but we did not notice it); where John Huss heard his sentence pronounced by the fathers of the council assembled for that purpose. The prisoner, being a doctor of divinity, was degraded; after his sentence had been read; then driven at once out of the door, a few yards distant, by a kick; and the civil power, ready there waiting for him, led him that instant to the stake, where he was burnt alive.

'The very guide who conducted us, a simple man, smiled in contempt, and shrugged his shoulders while repeating the story; yet not one, probably, of the one hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled here on the occasion of the council, although some might have disapproved of the proceedings, would probably have been struck with their glaring absurdity, as well as cruelty, nor inclined to smile in contempt: so great is the change produced by time, in the mode of viewing the same things. Our guide smiled again, on another occasion, when I asked him whether many of the French regicides had not taken shelter at Constance. "Yes," he answered, "twenty-four of them; the old fellows are seen strolling together in the sun, nobody minds them now." "What, so soon! the men who could pass sentence of death on the King of France, and send him, and soon after send, daily, hundreds of their fellow-citizens, to the guillotine! Those men of the convention, who made all Europe tremble, and whose troops laid this very town of Constance under contribution, are already so completely out of date, as to be



old fellows of no consequence; and a simple man can now smile in contempt, and see at once the folly of proceedings so serious twenty-five years ago! This, assuredly, is a great and rapid change! Walking farther, our guide said, "that fine house yonder," pointing to the other side of the Rhine, "belonged to Queen Hortense!" and he smiled at the name of Queen Hortense! Another dream vanished, thought we, or fashion gone by. "But," added he, "she was a good lady, very charitable to the poor;" and saying this, he did not smile!

At Gaiss, our traveller learned from his host the following anecdote:—

'When General Vandamme was in this neighbourhood, the magistrates of the commune of Gaiss received a letter from him, written in French, which was translated by our landlord (then, as he is now), the only inhabitant at all versed in that polite language! The substance of the epistle was, to inform them, that some friends of the general, at Paris, having heard of the great perfection of the worked muslins of Gaiss, had commissioned him, if he happened to go that way, to purchase for them a certain quantity of these muslins, as per margin; he trusted the commune would charge the lowest price, at the longest credit. The magistrates did not well know what to make of this message, but our innkeeper, *Au Bauf*, being a person of more experience, explained to them that there was no room to hesitate, and that they would be very well off if no more was required. The muslins, therefore, were procured, and sent the next day, with a request that the general would take his own time for the payment. One short month afterwards, General Vandamme's friends having found the muslins much to their liking, favoured the town of Gaiss with another order. Our landlord was again consulted, and again advised compliance; the magistrates however, thought best to procrastinate, and answered evasively, that the articles were not immediately to be had, but that they would be procured as soon as possible, &c. &c. Upon this, they received no more commissions, but, instead, a visit from a company of soldiers, who remained some weeks quartered upon them, consuming and wasting many times the same amount.'

In an account of the lake of Wallenstadt, we are told, that,—

'The Lammegayer, the largest, after the American condor, of all the birds of prey, measuring sixteen feet from wing to wing, haunts this lake, chiefly the northern bank, and carries off kids, and even large dogs. Mr. Ebel speaks of a hunter, Joseph Schorer, who, having discovered a nest of these powerful birds, and killing the male, crept bare-footed, for great safety, along a shelf of the rock, and was just lifting to seize the young, when the hen, pouncing down upon him, stuck her claws into his and her bill into his back.

The hunter, whom the least movement might have precipitated from his dangerous station, remained at first quite still, then, gradually with his foot, directing the muzzle of his gun, which, fortunately, he still held in his left hand, towards the bird, he in the same manner cocked it, pushed the trigger, and shot her dead, not, however, before she had inflicted wounds which confined him to his bed for some months. These hunters are men from whom the North American Indians themselves might learn patient endurance under the severest privations and hardships; acuteness of sense, boldness, and contempt of death; there are few of them who do not come to an untimely end; they disappear one after the other, and their lamentable story is only known from the mangled remains sometimes discovered.' (To be continued.)

*Tales of the Drama; founded on the Tragedies of Shakspeare, Massinger, Shirley, Rowe, Murphy, Lillo, and Moore; and on the Comedies of Steele, Farquhar, Cumberland, Bickersstaff, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Cowley.* By Miss Macauley. 12mo. pp. 424. London, 1822.

ALTHOUGH we have a strong attachment to the histrionic art, and respect many heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, yet we are always glad when we find one of them more than a mere player. Our respect for Garrick is increased by the recollection that he wrote some of the pieces in which he played; and, (if the bathos may be allowed, we would say that) we do not think the worse of Oxberry either as a man or an actor, on account of his editing an edition of the drama, carrying on the business of a printer, and selling a bottle of wine or a sneaker of punch to any of his friends who will visit him at the Craven's Head. Our reason for wishing to see all the world more than 'merely players' is from a wish to promote habits of industry; and laborious as the profession of an actor no doubt is, it has too often lain under the reproach of being a life of indolence, resorted to by persons who would not stick to any regular business; that this may be the case in some instances we will admit, but we will venture to say, that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it arises from a sincere, though sometimes mistaken, enthusiasm.

The lady who has drawn forth these remarks is well and favourably known to the British public, not only for her performances at the winter theatres as a tragic actress of considerable talents, but by a series of distinct and rational entertainments, which she has since

given, in which she was the sole actor, and exhibited a remarkable versatility of talents. It was also known that a considerable portion of the materials of those entertainments was from her own pen, which gave them a still greater interest. The work now presented by Miss Macauley to the public has strong pretensions to originality in its plan, for although we every day find dramas founded on tales, yet we have had few dramas converted into tales; and indeed the task of preserving the colloquial wit and scenic effect of a drama, when converted into a drama, was a difficulty of appalling magnitude. That difficulty has, however, been successfully met by Miss Macauley, who has transformed upwards of twenty of our most popular dramas into as many highly interesting tales, adopting, in some cases, extracts from the poetry of the plays, and in others, substituting new pieces, highly creditable to Miss Macauley's muse, and which display considerable originality and poetic genius.

One object, and it is by far the most important, Miss Macauley appears to have kept sedulously in view,—that of rendering every tale in strict conformity with the most refined ideas of delicacy and conducive to the best purposes of morality. This feature in tales of the drama will render them acceptable in places where some of the dramas themselves would be excluded; and we can, with confidence, recommend them to persons of all ages and both sexes, as highly instructive and entertaining.

Each of the tales is too long for an extract, and abridgment, like explanation in a quarrel, would spoil them: we shall, therefore, quote a poetically playful article, by the fair author, entitled 'Conclusion to Tales of the Drama:—'

'Now rumour, with her many hundred tongues,  
Floats on the passing breeze.  
So farewell—Brutus—Cassius—Antony,  
Kings, queens, and princes—train imperial—  
Heroes and common men, knights and fair  
dames,  
Lovers, coquettes and prudes, husbands and  
wives,  
And all those groupes of varied characters  
Who have my numerous pages graced—Per-  
chance  
By me ungraced—For a brief space—farewell!  
Brief! if my novel enterprise succeed—  
If else!—Why else?—Why press the mind with  
doubt?  
"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."  
Hope lures us on from day to day;—but yet,  
Unequal is the fate of humankind:  
The sport of fortune in her wayward mood,



Or favourite of her uncertain smiles,  
Just as her gay capricious fancy wills!  
Shakspeare! thy muse did playfully display  
The seven ages of thy fellow man:  
Passing from infancy to peevish age,  
Digressing thence to infancy again—  
(To infant weakness, without infant charms,  
Most strange declension, yet most true effect  
And portraiture of frail mortality.  
And may we not pourtray the sons of song  
Even thus; bewildered in a labyrinth  
Of strange variety—eventful cares?  
First lassitude, resembling infancy,  
Nursed in the fostering arms of Education;  
And by the careful nymph, Instruction, tended.  
Grave Apprehension next, with schoolboy pace,  
Unwilling to advance from very fear;  
Looking at danger, with a timid heart,  
But not surmounting—then fell Cowardice  
steals

Athwart the mind—like sighs and tears athwart  
The lover's soul.

—then droops the child of song,  
Pensive, forlorn, as if by Hope forsaken!  
Next Inspiration comes, with godlike zeal,  
And dangers seem as trifles in the scale  
Of "vaulting bold ambition."—A warrior now,  
Th' aspiring ardent son of poesy,  
In armour clad, mounts the Olympian hill,  
To snatch the wreath which binds Apollo's brow:  
And there is oft in bravery a charm,  
Which gains the laurel crown from virtue's self.  
So valour gains—"the bubble reputation!"  
And now the happy child of poesy  
Basks in the sunny beam of fashion, fame,  
And fortune!—height of mimic greatness!  
Next Vanity appears—that dangerous guest,  
To swell the mind with grandeur, pomp, and  
power!

Like the "round bellied" justice,

—full of pride  
And wisdom, and reproof, and gravity;  
As fame could sanction arrogance and scorn.  
Then Envy comes, and dashes in the cup  
Some bitter drops of baneful tendency,  
Pois'nous to the taste of gay prosperity,  
Which onward brings the age of peevishness,  
Vexation, disappointment, petulance,  
And premature old age—venting its spleen  
On others—in itself dissatisfied!

'And now the last sad scene, which marks the  
fall

Of poesy, the loss of fame and vigour,  
Speedy decline from grandeur to decay,  
From vanity to imbecility,  
No more "the eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
to heaven."

Now all is sinking into mere oblivion,  
"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every  
thing."

We ought to add, that the work is  
embellished with 130 engravings on  
wood, admirably executed. The de-  
signs of some of them are not new to  
us, but they here form a very orna-  
mental appendage to the tales in which  
they are introduced.

From a passage in the above, it will  
be seen that Miss Macaulay has some  
intention of pursuing the subject, should  
the present volume meet with success,  
which we sincerely wish it, as we think  
a few very pleasing volumes might be  
made by converting some of our best  
dramatic productions into tales.

*Illustrations of the Literary History  
of the Eighteenth Century. Con-  
sisting of Authentic Memoirs and  
Original Letters of Eminent Per-  
sons; and intended as a Sequel to the  
Literary Anecdotes.* By John Ni-  
chols, F. S. A. Vol. iv. 8vo. pp.  
888. London, 1822.

MR. NICHOLS'S *Literary Anecdotes*  
and the sequel or companion, the *Il-  
lustrations of the Literary History of  
the Eighteenth Century*, are by this  
time so well known to the public, that  
we are not under any necessity of mak-  
ing this a retrospective review by de-  
scribing them; it is sufficient to state  
that both works consist of the best  
and most authentic memoirs, anec-  
dotes, and letters of persons distin-  
guished by their learning and talents  
during the eighteenth century. As  
current reading they are highly inter-  
esting, and as materials for a correct  
and more digested biography they are  
invaluable, and must prove a rich trea-  
sure to the Johnsons, the Kippiss, the  
Aikins, and Chalmers, of a future ge-  
neration.

The volume now before us consists  
principally of the epistolary correspond-  
ence of men distinguished in almost  
every department of science, and prin-  
cipally of those who are more or less  
connected with the subjects before no-  
ticed in the '*Literary Anecdotes*.' It  
includes also *Memoirs of Sir Isaac  
Newton, Sir Roger L'Estrange*, and  
several other eminent individuals; with  
several original letters from them, as  
well as from Sir Hans Sloane, Dr.  
Birch, Dean Swift, Bishops Kennett,  
Potter, and Gibson, Austis Ames,  
Abraham Cowley, Lander, Dr. Du-  
carel, Rev. Wm. Cole, Roger Gale,  
Governor Oglethorpe, Mr. Gough,  
Lord Kames, Warton, Dr. Farmer,  
&c. &c. From such a mass of interest-  
ing matter, we feel at some loss in mak-  
ing a selection; we shall however quote  
a few extracts. The first is a letter  
from Mr. W. Massey to Dr. Ducarel,  
giving the origin of the election of the  
Mayors of Garrat:—

*Wandsworth, June 24, 1754.*

'DR. DUCAREL,—I promised to give  
you an account of the mock election for  
Garrat, a district within the compass of  
the parish of Wandsworth. I have been  
informed, that about 60 or 70 years ago,  
some watermen, belonging to this town,  
went to the Leather Bottle, a public house  
at Garrat, to spend a merry day, which,  
being the time of a general election for  
members of Parliament, in the midst of  
their frolick they took it into their heads  
to chuse one of their company a represen-

tative for that place; and, having gone  
through the usual ceremonies of an elec-  
tion, as well as the occasion would permit,  
he was declared duly elected. Whether  
the whimsical custom of swearing the  
electors upon a brick-bat, 'quod rem cum  
aliqua muliere, intra limites istius pagi,  
habuissent,' was then first established, or  
that it was a waggish after-thought, I  
cannot determine, but it has been regard-  
ed as the due qualification of the electors  
for many elections last past.

'This local usage, from that small be-  
ginning, has had a gradual increase; for  
no great account was made of it, that I  
can remember or hear of, before the two  
elections preceeding this last, which has  
been performed with uncommon pomp  
and magnificence, in the plebeian mode of  
of pageantry. And, as it has been taken  
notice of in our public newspapers, it may  
probably have a run, through those chan-  
nels, to many parts of the kingdom, and,  
in time, become the enquiry of the curious,  
when and why such a mock usage was com-  
menced.

'I have herewith sent you copies of  
some of the hand-bills of the candidates,  
that were printed and plentifully dispersed  
(in imitation of the *grand monde*) before  
the election came on, by which you may  
judge of the humour in which the other  
parts of it were conducted. Their pseudo  
titles, as you will observe, are Lord  
Twankum, Squire Blow-me-down, and  
Squire Gubbins. Lord Twankum's right  
name is John Gardiner, and is grave-digger  
to this parish; Blow-me-down is . . . Willis,  
a waterman; and Squire Gubbins, whose  
name is . . . Simmonds, keeps a public-  
house, the sign of the Gubbins' Head, in  
Blackman Street, Southwark.

'Some time hence, perhaps, also it may  
be a matter of enquiry what is meant  
by the Gubbins' Head. This Simmonds  
formerly lived at Wandsworth, and went  
from hence to keep a public-house in  
Blackman Street, who being a droll com-  
panion in what is called low-life, several  
of his old acquaintance of this town used  
to call at his house, when they were in  
London, to drink a pot or two; and, as  
he generally had some cold provisions  
(which by a cant name he usually called  
'his gubbins'), he made them welcome  
to such as he had, from whence he ob-  
tained that name; and putting up a man's  
head for the sign, it was called the "Gub-  
bins' Head." A hundred years hence,  
perhaps, if some knowledge of the occa-  
sion of the name of this sign should not be  
preserved in writing, our future antiqua-  
ries might puzzle themselves to find out  
the meaning of it. I make no question,  
but that we have many elaborate disserta-  
tions upon antique subjects, whose origi-  
nals, being obscure or whimsy, like this,  
were never truly discovered. This leads  
me to the commendation of the utility of  
your design in recording singular acci-  
dents and odd usages, the causes and ori-  
gin of which might otherwise be lost in  
a long tract of time. But I am afraid,



doctor, I have tired you with this trifling narrative, which I could not conveniently make shorter; however, if you can pick any thing out of it that will any way contribute to your purpose, I shall be pleased, and the rest you may number amongst the useless scribbles of your obliged friend,  
W. MASSEY.

The following are two letters from Dean Swift to Ambrose Philips, copied from the originals in the collection of Mr. Upcott:—

*Havisham, Oct. 20, 1708.*

'Sir,—I am glad at heart you are come to town, where I shall be in a few days, having left it only as fastidious when I was weary of its emptiness and my own; but *quibus Hector ab oris*? You will be admirable company after your new refined travels. I hope you met subjects for new pastorals, unless the new character as a soldier has swaggered out those humble ideas, and that you consider the field no longer as a shepherd, but a hero.

'I was ignorant of Lisle till your letter came, and I hope you will so order it that we shall have no difficulty in the citadel. My host, Mr. Collier, was your school-fellow at Shrewsbury, and in that capacity presents you his service, and you will mine to Colonel Hunt, Mr. Addison, Mr. Steele, &c.

'I am most sincerely your's, J. S.

'I must write your Christian name in the address, lest it should fall into the hands of the Irish poetical captain.

*Oct. 30, 1709.*

'Sir,—I was surprized to find in a letter from Mr. Steele that you are now in London, and am at a loss whether public or private business hath brought you over. Your coming has spoiled a letter I had half written to send you to Copenhagen. It was not laziness, spleen, or neglect that made me omit acknowledging two of your's so long; but downright sickness, which, after a year's pursuing, now I hope begins to leave me where I am, in the country, cultivating half an acre of Irish bog. The taste you sent me of northern eloquence is very extraordinary. They seem to have heard there is such a thing in the world as wit and sublime, and not knowing better, they supply the want of both with sounding words. That which vexes me is the difficulty in construing their Latin, and keeping my breath so long between a relative and antecedent, or a noun and a verb. I could match you with Irish poetry, and printed Latin poetry too; but Mr. Addison shewed it me, and can give you the best account of it.

'You are a better Bickerstaff than I; for you foretold all the circumstances how I should receive your last packet, with the honorary memorial of Monsieur I don't know who. My Lord Wharton gave me the letter: I went aside and opened it, and people thronged about me to ask what it was; and I shewed it his excellency.

'My heart is absolutely broke with the

misfortunes of the King of Sweden. Nothing pleased me more in the thoughts of going abroad than some hopes I had of being sent to that court; and now to see that poltroon Augustus putting out his manifestoes, and pretending again to Poland after the tame submissions he made! It puts me in mind of the sick lion in the fable. Among all the insults offered him nothing vexed him so much as the spurns of an ass. I hope you are laying new stocks to revive your poetical reputation. But I am wholly in the dark about you, whether you have left the north, or are only sent hack on an embassy from the envoy.

'You have the best friend in the world, Mr. Addison, who is never at ease while any men of worth are not so; and Mr. Steele is *alter ab illo*. What says my Lord Dorset?—you had not me for a counsellor when you chose him for a patron.

'Is Colonel Hunter gone to his government? He is *méchant homme*, and he has never written to me since he came from France, and I came from Ireland. Your Colonel Wayly and I are mighty good acquaintance: he loves and esteems you much, and I am sorry that expedition did not hold. When you write any more poetry, do me honour—mention me in it. It is the common request of Tully and Pliny to the great authors of their age; and I will contrive it so that Prince Posterity shall know I was favoured by the men of wit in any time.

'Pray send me word how your affairs are, that I may order my manner of writing to you accordingly, and remember me sometimes in your walks up the park, and wish for me amongst you. I reckon no man is thoroughly miserable unless he be condemned to live in Ireland; and yet I have not the spleen, for I was not born to it. Let me know whether the north has not cooled your Geneva flames: but you have one comfort, that the loss of the lady's fortunes will encrease her love, and assure you her person, and you may now be out of pain of your rival Mons. Le Baron.

'Pray write to me, and remember me, and drink my health sometimes with our friends; and believe me ever

'Your most faithful and most humble servant,  
JON. SWIFT.'

The next is a letter from the celebrated poet John Dryden, to the no less celebrated schoolmaster, Dr. Busby:—

'Sir,—If I could have found in myself a fitting temper to have waited upon you, I had done it the day you dismissed my son from the college: for he did the message; and by what I find from Mr. Meredith, as it was delivered by you to him; namely, 'that you desired to see me, and had somewhat to say to me concerning him.' I observed, likewise, somewhat of kindness in it, that you sent him away that you might not have occasion to correct him. I examined the business, and found

it concerned his having been *custos* four or five days together. But, if he admonished and was not believed, because other boys combined to discredit him with false witnessing, and to save themselves; perhaps his crime is not so great. Another fault, it seems, he made, which was going into one Hawks's house with some others, which you happening to see, sent your servant to know who they were, and he only returned you my son's name: so the rest escaped. I have no fault to find with my son's punishment, for that is, and ought to be reserved to any master, much more to you who have been his father's. But your man was certainly to blame to name him only; and 'tis only my respect to you that I do not take notice of it to him; my first rash resolutions were, to have brought things past any composure, by immediately sending for my son's things out of the college; but, upon recollection, I find I have a double tie upon me not to do it—one, my obligations to you for my education; another, my great tenderness of doing any thing offensive to my lord Bishop of Rochester, as chief governor of the college. It does not consist with the honour I bear him and you, to go so precipitately to work; no, not so much as to have any difference with you, if it can possibly be avoided. Yet, as my son stands now, I cannot see with what credit he can be elected; for, being but sixth, and (as you are pleased to judge) not deserving that neither, I know not whether he may not go immediately to Cambridge, as well as one of his own election went to Oxford this year by your consent.

'I will say nothing of my second son, but that, after you had been pleased to advise me to wait on my lord bishop for his favour, I found he might have had the first place if you had not opposed it; and I likewise found at the election, that, by the pains you had taken with him, he in some sort deserved it.

'I hope, sir, that when you have given yourself the trouble to read thus far, you, who are a prudent man, will consider, that none complain, but they desire to be reconciled at the same time; there is no mild expostulation, at least, which does not intimate a kindness and respect in him who makes it. Be pleased, if there be no merit on my side, to make it your own act of grace to be what you were formerly to my son. I have done something, so far to conquer my own spirit as to ask it: and, indeed, I know not with what face to go to my lord bishop, and to tell him I am taking away both my sons; for, though I shall tell him no occasion, it will look like a disrespect to my old master, of which I will not be guilty if it be possible. I shall add no more, but hope I shall be so satisfied with a favourable answer from you, which I promise to myself from your goodness and moderation, that I shall still have occasion to continue, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,  
JOHN DRYDEN.



Although it is not improbable that we may hereafter enrich our pages with a few further extracts from this volume, yet we shall for the present take our leave; but not without remarking that, as the venerable editor informs us he has yet ample materials, we trust he will pursue his *Illustrations of English Literature*, for while he continues to render them so interesting, we should be sorry to see him relinquish the task.

*Elements of Thought; or, First Lessons in the Knowledge of the Mind; including familiar Explanations of the Terms employed on Subjects relating to the Intellectual Powers.*  
By Isaac Taylor, Jun. 12mo. pp. 208. London, 1822.

THE author of this excellent little volume tells us that his design is to impart, in a familiar form, elementary explanation and instruction on subjects connected with the intellectual faculties, and to conduct the young reader, by the most accessible path, into that region of thought where the mind best acquires force, accuracy, and comprehension. He deprecates the practice of alluring by sweetmeat entertainment those who desire knowledge, and boldly claims their undiverted attention: he invites them to THINK, suggests no inducement beyond the pleasures and advantages of intellectual cultivation, and has adapted his treatise to the capacity of all who have made a moderate proficiency in the branches of ordinary education. He has done this so successfully, that we with pleasure class his work among the superior elementary treatises which distinguish the present era, and it will be found a great assistance to those who are inquisitive to analyse the intellectual powers of man. It is remarkable that Mr. Taylor mentions not one of the moral philosophers who have written upon his thesis, and pursues his subject steadily, as though he were laying the foundation of a system by which all the subtleties of our mental construction should henceforward be easily comprehended. To give some idea of his manner we shall subjoin two or three extracts; he tells us there are three different styles of expression,—the colloquial, the figurative, and the philosophical, (his meanings of which he clearly explains,) and that the mind is subject to three states of sensibility:—

'The first is the state of musing or dreaming.

'The second is that in which the thoughts

are caused by external objects, or by internal bodily sensations.

'The third is that in which the mind is itself the cause of its own thoughts.

'The first two states are *passive*; the third is *active*.

'The minds of persons whose bodies are indolent, feeble, or diseased, are most liable to be in the first state.

'The minds of children, of uneducated persons, of savages, of persons whose sensations are peculiarly lively, or whose bodies are more vigorous than their minds, are most liable to be in the second state.

'The third is the state—1st. of those whose understandings have been early cultivated, and constantly exercised; 2d. of those who have been placed in peculiar circumstances, which have forced them to think; and, 3d. of persons whose minds are naturally vigorous.'

In a chapter 'on the chief Excellencies of Human Nature' the author says,—

'But the indolence of the mind is less apparent than the indolence of the body; and those who are the most subject to it may scarcely themselves be aware of their real condition. Persons may converse as they hear others converse, and do what they see others do; they may repeat what has been fixed in the memory, and believe what they have been taught, or what best pleases their particular tempers; while their minds may be as completely inactive, and as incapable of exertion, as the body is during sleep. This we must acknowledge to be a very degraded state for a being whose mind is, by nature, capable of much more activity than his body: but yet it is certain that the minds of the greater part of mankind are in this inactive state.

'It is, in great measure, owing to this general and habitual indolence of the human mind, that millions of men, from one generation to another, continue to be deluded by childish and wicked superstitions.

'It is owing to this mental indolence in the mass of mankind, that one man, whose mind is active, often finds it easy to persuade thousands of his fellow-men to receive some fanciful opinions of his own; or to induce them to follow him in absurd and mischievous enterprises, which must bring miseries upon themselves and their neighbours.'

Although some of Mr. Taylor's doctrine is not purely philosophical, as it should be, it is likely to be no less popular on that account, and it gives us pleasure to quote his ideas of the three chief excellencies of which human nature consists; viz.—

'The first and chief of them is goodness, or virtue; which consists in loving God supremely, and in loving others as we love ourselves.

'The second is knowledge.

'The third is the habit of thinking much, and the power of thinking justly.'

Of the First Part of 'the Elements of Thought,' there are seventy-three pages; the Second Part occupies the rest of the volume, and contains familiar explanations of the principal terms employed on subjects relating to the nature and operations of the intellectual powers: as a specimen, we give—

'Cause.—We are conscious of being able to change the thoughts in our own minds, as we will; and also to change the position or state of our bodies, and, in some degree, the position or state of things about us, as we will. This feeling of being able to change the state of things, according to our will, gives us a notion which we call power: now any thing which has really, or which seems to have power to change the state of other things, is called a cause: the change that takes place is called an effect.

'When we have observed that one event constantly takes place immediately, or soon after some other event, we cannot avoid believing that the first event has produced that which follows: therefore, we commonly call the first event a cause, and the second, an effect. For example: when we see that, soon after the rising of the sun, the hoar frost dissolves, or that the petals of flowers expand, we say that the sun is the cause,—and that the melting of the frost or the opening of the flowers is the effect of this cause.

'If we were to observe that a clock had stopped at sun-set, we should take no particular notice of the circumstance; but if it were constantly to stop at sun-set, we should suppose that the setting of the sun was the cause of the stopping of the clock: and if all clocks always stopped at sun-set, we should not be able to doubt that the light of the sun was, in some way, the cause of the motion of clocks; although we could not find out how the sun acted upon the wheels, so as to produce this effect.'

From the general view we have taken of Mr. Taylor's book, we presume that the *thinker* may find *materials* for instruction or inquiry, and that few persons of sound judgment will lament the time bestowed in giving it a perusal.

#### *Burckhardt's Travels in Syria and the Holy Land.*

(Continued from p. 355)

The neighbourhood of Hasbeya is interesting to the mineralogist; cinnabar is said to be found there, but Mr. B. was unable to discover a specimen; he found several small pieces of a metallic substance, which he took to be native amalgam of mercury:—

'The ground all around, and the spring near the village, are strongly impregnated with iron; the rock is sand-stone, of a dark red colour. The other mineral curiosities are, a number of wells of bitu-



men Judaicum, in the Wady, at one hour below the village on the west side, after recrossing the bridge; they are situated upon the declivity of a chalky hill; the bitumen is found in large veins at about twenty feet below the surface. The pits are from six to twelve feet in diameter; the workmen descend by a rope and wheel, and, in hewing out the bitumen, they leave columns of that substance at different intervals, as a support to the earth above; pieces of several rotolas\* in weight each are brought up. There are upwards of twenty-five of these pits or wells, but the greater part of them are abandoned and overgrown with shrubs. I saw only one, that appeared to have been recently worked; they work only during the summer months. The bitumen is called hommar, and the wells, biar el hommar. The emir possesses the monopoly of the bitumen; he alone works the pits, and sells the produce to the merchants of Damascus, Beirut, and Aleppo. It was now at thirty-three paras the rotola, or about two-pence-halfpenny the pound.

Mr. Burckhardt, after returning from this tour, did not remain long at Damascus; but, on the 8th of November, made an excursion into the Haouran. He readily obtained a general passport from the Pasha, which recommended him in very strong terms to his officers in the Haouran: he also got a circular letter from the Greek patriarch of Damascus to all the priests, which he found of great service. His equipment is thus described:—

‘Being thus furnished with what I considered most necessary, I assumed the dress of the Haouran people, with a Keffie, and a large sheep-skin over my shoulders: in my saddle bag I put one spare shirt, one pound of coffee beans, two pounds of tobacco, and a day’s provender of barley for my horse. I then joined a few felahs of Ezra, of one of whom I hired an ass, though I had nothing to load it with but my small saddle-bag; but I knew this to be the best method of recommending myself to the protection of my fellow-travellers; as the owner of the ass necessarily becomes the companion and protector of him who hires it. Had I offered to pay him before setting out merely for his company on the way, he would have asked triple the sum I gave him, without my deriving the smallest advantage from this increase, while he would have considered my conduct as extraordinary and suspicious. In my girdle I had eighty piastres (about 4l. sterling), and a few more in my pocket, together with a watch, a compass, a journal book, a pencil, a knife, and a tobacco purse. The coffee I knew would be very acceptable in the houses where I might alight; and, throughout the journey, I was enabled to treat all the company present with coffee.’

One of the principal villages of the

\* The rotola is about five pounds.

Haouran, is Ezra; it contains about one hundred and fifty Turkish and Druse families, and about fifty of Greek Christians:—

‘Ezra was once a flourishing city; its ruins are between three and four miles in circumference. The present inhabitants continue to live in the ancient buildings, which, in consequence of the strength and solidity of their walls, are, for the greater part, in complete preservation. They are built of stone, as are all the houses of the villages in the Haouran and Djebel Haouran, from Ghabarib to Boszra, as well as of those in the desert beyond the latter. In general, each dwelling has a small entrance leading into a court-yard, round which are the apartments; of these the doors are usually very low. The interior of the rooms is constructed of large square stones; across the centre is a single arch, generally between two and three feet in breadth, which supports the roof; this arch springs from very low pilasters on each side of the room, and, in some instances, rises immediately from the floor: upon the arch is laid the roof, consisting of stone slabs one foot broad, two inches thick, and about half the length of the room, one end resting upon short projecting stones in the walls, and the other upon the top of the arch. The slabs are in general laid close to each other; but in some houses I observed that the roof was formed of two layers, the one next the arch having small intervals between each slab, and a second layer of similar dimensions was laid close together at right angles with the first. The rooms are seldom higher than nine or ten feet, and have no other opening than a low door, with sometimes a small window over it. In many places I saw two or three of these arched chambers one above the other, forming so many stories. This substantial mode of building prevails also in most of the ancient public edifices remaining in the Haouran, except that in the latter the arch, instead of springing from the walls or floor, rests upon two short columns. During the whole of my tour, I saw but one or two arches whose curve was lofty; the generality of them, including those in the public buildings, are oppressively low. To complete the durability of these structures, most of the doors were anciently of stone, and of these many are still remaining; sometimes they are of one piece, and sometimes they are folding doors; they turn upon hinges worked out of the stone, and are about four inches thick, and seldom higher than about four feet, though I met with some upwards of nine feet in height.’

While at Ezra, Mr. Burckhardt translated several inscriptions, which he found on the ruins of some temples, and of which he gives copies. Accompanying our traveller to the Ledja, a district two or three days’ journey in length, occupied by several tribes of Arabs, we are told:—

‘We found our way with great difficulty out of the labyrinth of rocks which form the inner Ledja, and through which the Arabs alone have the clue. Some of the rocks are twenty feet high, and the country is full of hills and wadys. In the outer Ledja trees are less frequent than here, where they grow in great numbers among the rocks; the most common are the oak, the malloula, and the bouttan; the latter is the bitter almond, from the fruit of which an oil is extracted, used by the people of the country to anoint their temples and forehead, as a cure for colds; its branches are in great demand for pipe tubes. There are no springs in any part of this stony district, but water collects, in winter time, in great quantities in the wadys, and in the cisterns and birkets, which are every where met with; in some of these it is kept the whole summer; when they are dried up, the Arabs approach the borders of the Ledja, called the Loeb, to water their cattle at the springs in that district. The camel is met with throughout the Ledja, and walks with a firm step over the rocky surface. In summer he feeds on the flowers or dry grass of the pasturing places. In the interior parts of the Ledja the rocks are in many places cleft asunder, so that the whole hill appears shivered and in the act of falling down: the layers are generally horizontal, from six to eight feet, or more, in thickness, sometimes covering the hills, and inclining to their curve, as appears from the fissures, which often traverse the rock from top to bottom. In many places are ruined walls; from whence it may be conjectured that a stratum of soil of sufficient depth for cultivation, had, in ancient times, covered the rock.’

Of Shaara, we learn that—

‘There is a salt-petre manufactory in the town; the earth in which the salt-petre is found, is collected in great quantities in the ruined houses, and thrown into large wooden vessels perforated with small holes on one side near the bottom. Water is then poured in, which drains through the holes, into a lower vessel, from whence it is taken, and poured into large copper kettles; after boiling for twenty-four hours, it is left in the open air; the sides of the kettles then become covered with crystals, which are afterwards washed, to free them from all impurities. One hundred rotolas of saline earth give from one to one and a-half rotola of salt-petre. I was told by the sheikh of the village, who is the manufacturer on his own account, that he sends yearly to Damascus as much as one hundred kantars. Here is also a gunpowder manufactory.’

In the journey which Mr. Burckhardt made from Aleppo to Damascus, through the valley of Orontes and Mount Libanus, he visited the village of Kefr Lata, situated upon the mountain of Rieha:—

‘It contains forty or fifty houses, all well built of square stones, which have been

taken from the lower site. In some count and seen cal. In some ground, large g. side of. We were visiting which ing place district consid. Lata a pulch with a which tain. village caves the re and t small broad feet. on on rock, feet i origin stone, coffin now quite in wh was c cover name

‘T riably and th as if l

‘T sizes neral ornan vault which lengt the h but flat ro cepta cham three coffin one c three rude vern the d ed; differ the neith the fins, form spac gle,



taken from the buildings of a town of the lower empire, which occupied the same site. The remains deserve notice on account of the vast quantity of stone coffins and sepulchres. The mountain is a barren calcareous rock, of no great hardness. In some places are a few spots of arable ground, where the inhabitants of the village grow barley and dhourra. On the side of the rivulet are some fruit trees. We were occupied the whole morning in visiting the neighbourhood of the village, which must have been anciently the burying place of all the great families of this district; the number of tombs being too considerable for so small a town as Kefr Lata appears to have been; no such sepulchres, or at least very few, are met with among the ruins of the large cities which we saw afterwards in the same mountain. Beginning on the west side of the village, I counted sixteen coffins and seven caves; the coffins are all excavated in the rock; the largest are nine feet long, and three feet and a half in breadth; the smaller seven feet long, and three feet broad; their depth is generally about five feet. In the greater part of them there is on one side a curved recess, cut in the rock, about four feet in length, and two feet in breadth. All these coffins had originally stone lids of a single block of stone, exactly covering the aperture of the coffin. Only a small proportion of these now remain entire, but there are some quite uninjured. I saw only two or three in which a sculptured frieze or cornice was carried along the whole length of the cover; the generality have only a few ornaments on the two ends.

'The apertures of the coffins are invariably even with the surface of the ground, and the lids only are seen from without, as if lying upon the surface.

'The sepulchral caves vary in their sizes and construction; the entrance is generally through a low door; sometimes ornamented by short pilasters, into a vaulted room cut in the rock, the size of which varies from six to fifteen feet in length, and from four to ten feet in breadth; the height of the vault is about six feet; but sometimes the cave terminates in a flat roof. They all contain coffins, or receptacles for the dead; in the smaller chambers there is a coffin in each of the three sides, the larger contain four or six coffins, two opposite the entrance, and one on each side, or two on each of the three sides; the coffins in general are very rudely formed. Some of the natural caverns contain also artificial receptacles for the dead, similar to those already described; I have seen many of these caverns in different parts of Syria. The south side of the village being less rocky, there are neither caves nor coffins on that side. On the east side I counted twenty-one coffins, and five sepulchral caves; of the former, fourteen are within a very small space; the greater part of them are single, but in some places they have been

formed in pairs, upon the same level, and almost touching each other.'

Proceeding onward, our traveller arrived at the village of Howash, when he alighted at the house of the Sheikh:

'Howash is the principal village of the Ghab; it is situated on the borders of a small lake, formed by the rivulet of Ayn el Howash. The surrounding country was at this time for the greater part inundated, and the Arabs passed in small boats from one village to another; in summer the inundation subsides, but the lakes remain, and to the quantity of stagnant water thus formed is owing the pest of flies and gnats above-mentioned. There are about one hundred and forty huts at Howash, the walls of which are built of mud; the roofs are composed of the reeds which grow on the banks of the Orontes; the huts in which these people live in the mountain during the summer are formed also of reeds, which are tied together in bundles, and thus transported to the mountain, where they are put up so as to form a line of huts, in which the families within are separated from each other only by a thin partition of reeds.

'The Arabs of Howash cultivated dhourra and wheat, and, like all the Arabs of the Ghab, rear large herds of buffaloes, which are of a small kind, and much less spirited than those I saw in the plains of Tarsous. It is a common saying and belief among the Turks, that all the animal kingdom was converted by their prophet to the true faith, except the wild boar and buffalo, which remained unbelievers; it is on this account that both these animals are often called Christians. We are not surprised that the boar should be so denominated; but as the flesh of the buffalo, as well as its leben or sour milk, is much esteemed by the Turks, it is difficult to account for the disgrace into which that animal has fallen among them, the only reason I could learn for it, is that the buffalo, like the hog, has a habit of rolling in the mud, and of plunging into the muddy ponds in the summer time, up to the very nose, which alone remains visible above the surface.'

After stopping a few days at Tripoli, which Mr. Burckhardt visited, he reached the boundary of separation between the districts of Kesrouan and Fetouh:—

'The country of Kesrouan, which I now entered, presents a most interesting aspect; on the one hand are steep and lofty mountains, full of villages and convents, built on their rocky sides; and on the other a fine bay, and a plain of about a mile in breadth, extending from the mountains to the sea. There is hardly any place in Syria less fit for culture than the Kesrouan, yet it has become the most populous part of the country. The satisfaction of inhabiting the neighbourhood of places of sanctity, of hearing church bells, which are found in no other part of Syria, and of being able to give a loose to

religious feelings and to rival the Mussulmans in fanaticism, are the chief attractions that have peopled Kesrouan with Catholic Christians, for the present state of this country offers no political advantages at all whatever; on the contrary, the extortions of the Druses have reduced the peasant to the most miserable state of poverty, more miserable even than that in the eastern plains of Syria; nothing, therefore, but religious freedom induces the Christians to submit to these extortions; added, perhaps, to the pleasure which the Catholics derive from persecuting their brethren of the Greek Church, for the few Greeks who are settled here are not better treated by the Maronites, than a Damascene Christian might expect to be by a Turk. The plain between the mountain and the sea is a sandy soil; it is sown with wheat and barley, and is irrigated by water drawn from wells by means of wheels.'

The religion of the Ismalys, the Anzeyrys, and the Druses, is a great mystery, and not to be penetrated by the uninitiated. Of the Druses, Mr. B. says:—

'Their customs, however, may be described; and, as far as they can tend to elucidate the mystery, the veil may be drawn aside by the researches of the traveller. It seems to be a maxim with them to adopt the religious practices of the country in which they reside, and to profess the creed of the strongest. Hence they all profess Islamism in Syria; and even those who have been baptized on account of their alliance with the Shehab family, still practise the exterior forms of the Mohammedan faith. There is no truth in the assertion that the Druses go one day to the mosque and the next to the church. They all profess Islamism, and, whenever they mix with Mohammedans, they perform the rites prescribed by their religion. In private, however, they break the fast of Ramadhan, curse Mohammed, indulge in wines, and eat food forbidden by the Koran. They bear an inveterate hatred to all religions except their own, but more particularly to that of the Franks, chiefly in consequence of a tradition current among them, that the Europeans will one day overthrow their commonwealth; this hatred has been increased since the invasion of the French, and the most unpardonable insult which one Druse can offer to another, is to say to him, 'May God put a hat on you!' Allah yelebe-sak borneita.

'Nothing is more sacred with a Druse than his public reputation: he will overlook an insult if known only to him who has offered it, and will put up with blows where his interest is concerned, provided nobody is a witness; but the slightest abuse given in public he revenges with the greatest fury. This is the most remarkable feature of the national character: in public a Druse may appear honourable, but he is easily tempted to a contrary be-



haviour when he has reason to think that his conduct will remain undiscovered. The ties of blood and friendship have no power amongst them; the son no sooner attains the years of maturity than he begins to plot against his father. Examples are not wanting of their assailing the chastity of their mothers, and, towards their sisters, such conduct is so frequent, that a father never allows a full grown son to remain alone with any of the females of his family. Their own religion allows them to take their sisters in marriage; but they are restrained from indulging in this connexion, on account of its repugnance to the Mohammedan laws. A Druse seldom has more than one wife, but he divorces her under the slightest pretext; and it is a custom among them, that if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says to her, 'go,' without adding, 'and come back,' she is thereby divorced; nor can her husband recover her, even though it should be their mutual wish, till she is married again according to the Turkish forms, and divorced from her second husband. It is known that the Druses, like all Levantines, are very jealous of their wives; adultery, however, is rarely punished with death; if a wife is detected in it, she is divorced; but the husband is afraid to kill her seducer, because his death would be revenged, for the Druses are inexorable with respect to the law of retaliation of blood; they know, too, that if the affair were to become public, the governor would ruin both parties by his extortions. Unnatural propensities are very common amongst them.

'The Akal are those who are supposed to know the doctrines of the Druse religion; they superintend divine worship in the chapels, or, as they are called, Khajoue and they instruct the children in a kind of catechism. They are obliged to abstain from swearing and all abusive language, and dare not wear any article of gold or silk in their dress. Many of them make it a rule never to eat of any food, nor to receive any money, which they suspect to have been improperly acquired. For this reason, whenever they have to receive considerable sums of money, they take care that it shall be first exchanged for other coin. The Sheikh El Nedjem, who generally accompanies the Sheikh Beshir, in his visits to the Emir, never tastes food in the palace of the latter, nor even smokes a pipe there, always asserting that whatever the Emir possesses has been unlawfully obtained. There are different degrees of Akal, and women are also admitted into the order, a privilege which many avail themselves of from parsimony, as they are thus exempted from wearing the expensive head-dress and rich silks fashionable among them.

'A father cannot entirely disinherit his son in that case his will would be set aside; but he may leave him a single mulberry tree for his portion. There is a Druse Kadhi at Deir el Kammar, who

judges according to the Turkish laws, and the customs of the Druses; his office is hereditary in a Druse family; but he is held in little repute, as all causes of importance are carried before the Emir or the Sheikh Beshir.

'The Druses do not circumcise their children; circumcision is practised only in the mountain by those members of the Shehab family who continue to be Mohammedans.

'The best feature in the Druse character is that peculiar law of hospitality, which forbids them ever to betray a guest. I made particular inquiries on the subject, and I am satisfied that no consideration of interest or dread of power will induce a Druse to give up a person who has once placed himself under his protection. Persons from all parts of Syria are in the constant practice of taking refuge in the mountain, where they are in perfect security from the moment they enter upon the Emir's territory; should the prince ever be tempted by large offers to consent to give up a refugee, the whole country would rise, to prevent such a stain upon their national reputation. The mighty Djezzar, who had invested his own creatures with the government of the mountain, never could force them to give up a single individual of all those who fled thither from his tyranny. Whenever he became very urgent in his demands, the Emir informed the fugitive of his danger, and advised him to conceal himself for a time in some more distant part of his territory; an answer was then returned to Djezzar that the object of his resentment had fled. The asylum which is thus afforded by the mountain is one of the greatest advantages that the inhabitants of Syria enjoy over those in the other parts of the Turkish dominions.'

(To be continued.)

## Biography.

### THE ABBE SICARD.

IN our last we gave a memoir of this distinguished philanthropist, who devoted a long life to that unfortunate portion of the human race, the deaf and dumb; and we now insert the copy of a funeral oration pronounced over his grave on the 11th ult. by M. Laffon de Ladebat, as well known by his abilities as by the unmerited sufferings which he endured when banished to Cayenne by the French Directory. It is as follows:—

GENTLEMEN,—The oldest, the most faithful friend granted me by Heaven, has terminated his career. His soul has quitted the mortal clay which we deposit here;—here, where so many tears are shed—here, where so many recollections, so many thoughts, so many hopes agitate our bosoms—here, where lies the tomb of the partner of my life and the mother of my

children—here, where all feeling souls are lifted nearer to their heavenly habitations, and where the anxieties of life and of human misery cease for those whom death has laid low.

I shall no longer behold my friend on earth: it will, in a few moments, cover his inanimate remains. I shall no longer hear him.

Yet I will not give way to sorrow.

A ray from the Divinity seems to shed on his grave the first dawn of the brilliant day of immortality.

The numerous learned societies of which the Abbé Sicard was one of the most distinguished members, will record what have been his labours and his successes: they will honour his memory.

Our friendship dates from the first days when his enlightened mind and benevolent soul dedicated themselves, at my invitation, to the instruction of those unfortunate beings to whom nature has refused the sense of hearing and the use of speech.

The progress which he made, and which I ever watched and studied, was immense. All enlightened nations gave him their applause. The kings, the princes of the earth returned him thanks in the name of their subjects. He is already inscribed in the annals of the world amongst the benefactors of humanity.

He has thrown a new light on the theory of the transmission of ideas, and on the means of expressing them, even when nature deprives man of some of the senses or organs with which the Creator of the universe has endowed us.

He himself attributed to his pupils, and to the difficulties which they started against him, his progress and his most important discoveries.

By meditating his works and interrogating his pupils, what he has effected will be known.

Never were more candour, more gentleness, more benevolence, and more sympathy towards suffering misfortune, united in one single individual.

Guilty men abused his virtues. May remorse teach them how to repair the wrongs which they have done him.

He could not believe in the existence of evil inventions. Such have I seen him amidst the wanderings and crimes of the revolution.

If once he feared for his life, it was because the axe was lifted over his head. He was in the number of the priests who were to be sacrificed.

I hold in my hands the note which he then wrote to me. It is this:—

'Ah! my dear sir, what will become of me if you do not fly to my assistance! I am in the prison chamber of the abbey of St. Germain des Prés, the only priest whom the people has not yet immolated. I shall be slain immediately, if you do not obtain from the National Assembly that some deputies be sent to save me from death. All is over with me if you do not obtain this great help.'

SICARD.

I have written in vain to M. Barennes:



will you also forsake me? Send a word of answer in writing.

I did for him what I would not have done for myself. I supplicated the Capuchin Chabot, member of the Legislative Assembly, to repair immediately to the abbey. He yielded to my prayers. He went to the prison, and the Abbé Sicard was rescued.

Never have I seen on any human countenance such an expression of rapture as that which animated the features of Massieu, when he once more beheld his teacher.

In the month of Fructidor, of the 5th republican year, Abbé Sicard was at my house at the moment when I was arrested, and I had again the happiness of saving him. His friends procured him a secret asylum. Without their aid he would have expired amidst the marshes of Guyana, where so many priests, innocent victims to their fidelity and their faith, cruelly perished around me.

He was long sought after and proscribed; but, at the moment when anarchy ended, he resumed his functions. His pupils made fresh advances, and he has not ceased to devote himself to their instruction until the last day of his life. Foreigners came to hear and admire him.

My voice is unheard by his pupils who surround me, but their tears attest their grief, their regrets, and their gratitude. May their conduct and their virtues do always honour to the memory of the benefactor whom heaven gave them! They will know that, by a sublime effort of his love for them, feeble and torn with pain, he rose from his bed of death two days before he expired, to dictate and sign the letter which he has written to the Abbé Gondelin, director of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb at Bourdeaux, to express the wish that he should take his place, and to recommend his pupils to his care, as the most affectionate father would recommend his children.

The paternal government of his Majesty has listened to the wish of Abbé Sicard, and this very day Abbé Gondelin has been appointed his successor.

Abbé Sicard saw the approach of death with firmness and tranquillity. He supported its pangs with admirable resignation. Divine grace and the blessings of religion raised his soul towards heaven.

An old and respectable friend did not quit him in his last moments. It is she who had afforded him a refuge in the days of proscription.

And I, alas, I have received and treasured up in my heart the last smile, which, on recognising me, he gave to our friendship and to life.

#### WANSTEAD HOUSE.

THE last 'nine days' wonder' of the good people of the British metropolis has been the view of Wanstead House, in Essex, with its magnificent furni-

ture, gobelin tapestry, collection of paintings, &c. all of which are to be disposed of by the magic hammer of Mr. Robins, of Regent Street, in the course of the ensuing six weeks. No public sale ever perhaps excited so much interest as this, not merely on account of its magnitude, the splendour of the furniture, or the grandeur of the mansion; but there was a sort of melancholy feeling attending it, in recollecting that this was part of the princely fortune of an English heiress, Miss Tylney Long, whose husband, a son of Lord Maryborough, has, in some half dozen years only, dissipated the accumulated riches of ages without dignity, and sunk into comparative poverty without pity.

For the last three weeks, Wanstead House, with all its possessions, has been thrown open to the public, and has been the most attractive resort of the fashionable world, who have deserted the west end of the town in shoals, and made Whitechapel more travelled than Whitehall; and although we grave editors are not the most likely persons in the world to be—

'Pleased with a feather—tickled with a straw, yet we could not resist the curiosity of mixing for once with the nobles and gentles at Wanstead House, and taking a bird's eye view of every thing that a pair of eyes, not certainly the quickest in the world, but very actively exercised, would enable us to inspect. The mansion, and some associations connected with it, first occupied our attention; and, refreshing these by a reference to the proper authorities, we found that the ancient manor of Wanstead was granted by Edward VII. to Robert Long Rich, who sold it to the Earl of Leicester. Here Elizabeth's favourite entertained his royal mistress for several days; and here he also solemnized his marriage with his ill-fated wife. Reverting to the crown, King James gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, who, having been one of the judges of Charles I., it became forfeited. Charles II. gave it to his brother, afterwards James II., who sold it to Sir Robert Brooke, and it soon afterwards was purchased by Sir Joshua Child, the author of the Discourse on Trade, who planted a great number of trees in avenues, leading to the scite of the old mansion. His son Richard, first Earl of Tilney, laid out some extensive grounds in gardens; and, after these were finished, he employed the celebrated Colin Campbell (about 1715) to build the present structure, which

is cased with Portland stone, and is upwards of two hundred and sixty feet in length and seventy feet in depth. It is one of the noblest houses in Europe; and its grand front is thought to be as fine a piece of architecture as any that may be seen in Italy. It consists of two stories, the basement and the state story, and is adorned by a noble portico of six Corinthian pillars. In the tympanum of this portico, (which we ascend by a noble double flight of steps,) are the arms of the Tilney family; and over the door, which leads into the great hall, is a medallion of the architect. The great hall is fifty-three feet by forty-five. On the ceiling are representations of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, by Kent. In this hall are antique statues of Agrippina and Domitian; four statues of Poetry, Painting, Music, and Architecture; and four vases. The principal apartments on the left of the hall, in the front line of the mansion, are a dining-room and a drawing-room, each twenty-seven feet square, and a bed-room twenty-four feet by twenty feet, all which, with the adjoining closets, are hung with the choicest pictures. The suite of apartments to the right consists chiefly of a dining-room, twenty-five feet square, on the ceiling of which the Seasons are painted; a drawing-room, thirty feet by twenty-five feet, with the story of Jupiter and Semele painted on the ceiling, and an elegant chimney-piece in the centre, on which, in white marble, is an eagle taking up a child (the crest of the Tilney family\*); and a bed-chamber, twenty-five feet by twenty-two feet. The ball-room, seventy-five feet by twenty-seven feet, extends the whole depth of the house; it is splendidly fitted up with gilt ornaments of all kinds, in the taste of the period when it was built. It is hung with tapestry in two compartments; the subjects are Telemachus and Calypso, and one of the battles of Alexander.

Under the great hall is a noble arcade, from which is an entrance to a dining-parlour, forty feet by thirty-five feet, communicating with a breakfast-room, thirty-two feet by twenty-five. There are, besides these, other apartments upon a scale equally magnificent, and finished in the most appropriate manner. In the avenue, leading from the grand front of the house to Laytonstone, is a circular piece of

\* This was also the crest of the Earls of Derby, for the origin of which, see the *Literary Chronicle* for 1819, p. 475.



water, which seems equal to the length of the front. There are no wings to the house, although they were included in the original design. On each side, as you approach the house, is a marble statue: that on the left, Hercules; that on the other, Omphale; and hence to compensate, as it were, for the defect of wings, obelisks and vases extend alternately to the house. The garden front has no portico, but a pediment, enriched with a bas-relief, and supported by six three-quarter columns. From this front is an easy ascent, through a fine vista, to the river Roding, which is formed into canals, and beyond it the walks and wildernesses rise up the hill, as they sloped downward before. Highland-house, an elegant seat built of stone, forms a beautiful termination to the vista. Among other decorations of the garden is a curious grotto. The house was for several years, during the minority of Miss Long, occupied by the emigrants of the royal house of Bourbon. It was customary for the public to be admitted to view this seat on Saturdays only, and it has been inspected with feelings of delight by travellers from all parts of the world who have made a visit to it. Mr. Young, in his 'Six weeks' Tour,' has the following passage: 'Wanstead is one of the noblest houses in England. The magnificence of having four state bed-chambers, with complete apartments to them, and the ball-room, are superior to any thing of the kind in Haughton, Holkham, Blenheim, and Wilton. But each of these houses is superior to this in other particulars; but, to perform a complete palace, something must be taken from all. In respect to elegance of architecture, Wanstead is second to Holkham: what a building would it be were the wings added, according to the first design?'

Having satisfied our curiosity with this noble structure, we proceeded rapidly through the numerous apartments, catalogue in hand, to view their furniture. It is not, however, our intention to make this article an inventory, or to describe the 'purple and fine linen,' and the other costly embellishments which enabled their possessors to 'fare sumptuously every day.' We shall, therefore, now hurry over, as we hurried through the drawing-rooms, ball rooms, state bed chambers, &c.; nor shall we stop to describe the twenty thousand ounces of plate which met us in dazzling array, but shall pass at once to the paintings, sculptures, &c. where we revelled among

the productions of some of the 'elder worthies,' as the author of the Vision of Judgment would call them. Among the most prominent we noticed a beautiful drawing of 'the Holy Family,' by A. Del Sarto; a curious bird's eye view of a noble Mansion and Pleasure Grounds, by Siberchts; a copy of one of Rubens's best pictures—an Interior, with the Portraits of Grotius, Justus Lipsius, Philip Rubens, and the painter himself; a sweet landscape by Weenix; an original picture by Hogarth, in his best style, representing a view of the Ball-room of Wanstead House, with a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in the fashionable costume of the age. A 'Virgin and Child,' by Raphael Mengs; an Allegory, by Casali—Mercury presenting Pandora to Prometheus; this artist appears to have been almost exclusively employed by the Earl of Tilney, in embellishing the walls of this mansion, as there are several other pictures by him of great merit, including the following:—

Coriolanus overcome by the entreaties of his mother, wife, and children,—a noble gallery picture.

The return of Clælia and other maiden hostages, to the Roman camp.

Pompey taking leave of his Wife Cornelia.—Each of these pictures are seventeen feet by thirteen feet.

Herodias's Daughter with the Head of John the Baptist, by C. Dolci.

A Musical Party, by Rembrandt, painted with his usual powerful effect of *chiaroscuro*.

An exquisite and indubitable portrait of the celebrated 'Laura,' by Simone Memmi.

By the inscription at the back, it appears that this beautiful picture was painted by Memmi for his friend Petrarch, who mentions it in his 58th ode, and again in the 89th. After the death of Petrarch, it was taken to Arquer; and, in 1374, the Florentine republic sent it to Boccaccio, who also mentions it in his epistles. After the death of Boccaccio, it passed into the hands of Chilini, from whom it was bought. The truth of these documents is completely attested by the beauty of the picture, and renders it highly valuable and interesting.

There are also several pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, Sir James Thornhill, and several other eminent artists.

Among the sculptures, we noticed several of the productions of Scheemacher, Rysbrach, and Canova, particularly a splendid colossal bust of the emperor Napoleon, in marble, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington, in plaster, by the latter artist.

The library we found to contain a good collection of choice, but not many rare books. It is, however, rich in modern English and French literature, and there is an admirable and valuable collection of foreign maps and charts.

In the course of our wanderings through the many apartments of this splendid mansion, our attention was often arrested by the specimens of Gobelin tapestry which decorated the rooms through which we passed, many of which are of the most superb description, and in admirable preservation. They are all of them in pannels, and some of them upwards of thirty-three feet by fourteen feet in size. Among them are the following subjects:—

'The triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon, with a splendid border of animals,'—'Alexander and Hephestion at the Tent of Darius, with the prisoners supplicating Mercy.'

'Juno taking Hebe up to heaven, to present her to Jupiter.'—'Vulcan, by permission of Jupiter, forging the armour of Achilles, with various implements of war in the fore-ground.'

Then we have—

'Alexander's passage of the Granicus,' of the finest workmanship, and in the highest preservation; it may be truly called a chef-d'œuvre, and has a carved and gilt open flower-work border, 22-feet-6 wide, eleven feet six high.—'Calypso receiving Telemachus at the island of Crete, surrounded by her numerous attendants.'

'Venus descending and commissioning Cupids to extend her sovereign power throughout the world,' 33-feet-9 long, 13-feet-3 high.—'Vulcan presenting the thunderbolts to Jove.'

'Diana reposing after the chase, attended by her nymphs, with dogs, and the spoils of hunting.'—'Mars returning in triumph with the spoils of war, and captives.'—'Neptune and Galatea.'—'Apollo and the Muses.'—'The Triumph of Ceres.'—'The Power of Love.'

Such are a few of the articles worthy of attention in this extraordinary sale, the mere inventory of which fills a catalogue of 400 quarto pages, which is published in three parts of five shillings each: and such has been the number of visitors at Wanstead while the property was on view, that, we have heard, 20,000 catalogues were sold. To say nothing of the honour or emoluments of such a sale as that of Wanstead House, we really envy Mr. Robins the honour of being the author of a work of which 20,000 copies have been sold, even though under the humble title of an auctioneer's Catalogue.



## Original Poetry.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

THE heart of youth is light as leaves  
That dance in the summer breeze,  
But round it age his fetters weaves,  
And makes it sharply freeze.

Oh! hope has wings, and upward flies,  
Like the lark to its sunny heaven;  
With buoyant pinions youth does rise,  
But flagging age is downward driven.

The cheek of youth is pale an hour,  
Yet life's rose regains its bloom;  
But age is like a wither'd flower,  
Whose dead leaves fill the tomb.

ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON BONA-  
PARTE.

Ill weav'd ambition! how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it were too small a bound!  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough.—KING HENRY IV. PART 1st.

CLOS'D is thy strange career, fall'n chief, and  
Death,

With all-subduing arm, hath conquer'd thee,  
Or rather say, by robbing thee of breath,  
From this world's cares and woes hath set  
thee free;

For what is life when in captivity,  
Cooped up and stunted in its noblest aim?  
What deep desire of living can there be,  
When breath is all the pining frame can claim,  
Of every hope bereav'd, yet still in soul the  
same?

Mean minds feel naught of grief or care beyond  
The body's sufferings,—hunger, thirst, and  
pain;

The low born slave, familiar with his bond,  
No shame of lash or chains his thoughts con-  
tain.

But who the lion's fiery rage can rein,  
Roaming majestic o'er the scorching wild;  
Or what the noble captive's grief restrain,  
From friends, home, country, all that's dear,  
exil'd?

Go take the eagle from his native skies,  
And chain him to the barren rocky shore,  
Consum'd within itself, his spirit dies,  
For liberty he pines, he seeks no more.—  
Those wings that wont the welkin to explore,  
Are flapped impatient on his aching breast,  
He longs again high 'midst the clouds to soar,  
Nor can his untam'd spirit e'er find rest,—  
Great Nature claims her due, unceasing, 'till  
possess'd.

What tho' the griefs be hid from mortal ken,  
Great minds endure; the stoic's fortitude  
May feign indifference in the sight of men;

But ever at his heart the tempest rude  
Imprison'd rages, and with deadly feud  
Batters in 'ts rage the poor devoted bark,  
Until the pilot's spirits sunk, subdued,

Bear him no longer up; and then a mark,  
A mighty wreck he falls, which those who see,  
Cry, such the end of earthly pow'r must be.

Such lot is thine, departed chief! but rive,  
Despair, the heart that glories in thy fate;  
Disgrace to Britons, if such one there live,  
May conscience gripe, and hot pursuing hate

Of generous minds his dastard steps await,  
'Till crush'd he sinks, with obloquy and scorn  
O'erwhelm'd; for only fit with brutes to mate

Is he, who, when his bitterest foeman shorn  
Of every honour, shall before him lie,  
Spurns with unmanly foot his prostrate enemy.

Oh! did in British breasts such treason lurk  
To wither of their glorious deeds the bloom,  
The souls of warriors from sepulchres murk  
Rising with death-cold hand would seal their  
doom.

Great Nelson's spirit, starting from the tomb,  
His fierce eye flashing with indignant ire,  
Leading the laurel'd dead, 'midst awful gloom,  
Shades of the empty air, spirits of fire,  
Would execrate the base ignoble race,

Unmindful of their sires' renown, who seek  
Of their high deeds the memory to erase,  
And tinge with shame the living hero's cheek.

But breathes there such a heart? oh! surely no,  
For Britons, ever noble and sincere,  
Disdain to triumph o'er a fallen foe,

Or name his fate with harsh ungen'rous sneer.  
They love their country—oh! that name how  
dear,

They'll fight, they'll bleed, they'll die for it  
and fame,

But when its right's asserted, drop the spear;  
A gallant foe their sympathy can claim,  
For bravest minds for others deepest feel,  
Well knowing honor's wounds go deeper than  
the steel!

Well, thou art gone,—let history record  
Thy deeds of good and evil; thou hast been  
A scourge, a sweeping pestilence,—thy word  
A law to kings,—destruction, fire, and sword  
Follow'd thy footsteps—ever wert thou seen  
Like lightning, bright but blasting; as the sun  
Too fiercely glaring in meridian sheen,  
Burns with hot eye the earth, so wert thou one  
Gleaming like Mars upon th' ethereal way,  
Thy flame emitting forth a bright but blood-  
like ray.

But such have been all conquerors: what more  
Than human butchers are they, taking life  
As if they could create afresh,—with gore  
Reeking, while tears of mother, orphan, wife,  
Bedew their laurels, gain'd 'mid the strife  
When bleeding corpses o'er the field are strown;  
And worse, when dying sufferers ask the knife,  
In pity to stop short the soul wrung groan,  
Where dying, dead, friend, foe, in mingled  
heaps are thrown.

Such scenes, Ambition, mark thy fatal course,  
That like a raging whirlpool, once thereon  
Embarked, it hurries with resistless force  
In giddy round, and hurls us madly on  
To sure perdition, or like one upon  
Some precipice he's climb'd, whose height  
immense  
Confounds his swimming senses, till quite gone  
In dizziness his reeling brain; from thence,  
He headlong falls, and so from his high throne  
Th' imperial eagle fell, by his own power o'er-  
thrown.

## POOR MRS. SNACKS.

MOST of ye have heard of the famed 'Mistress  
Vite,'

The chief of disconsolate 'vidders';  
But list to my song, and I now will indite  
Of one whose misfortunes outdid her's;  
'Twas Mrs. Snacks, poor Mrs. Snacks.

On young lovers, in number full two score,  
She long had cast nothing but scorning;  
Till fearing, at length, she should never get  
more,

John Snacks she married one morning;  
Did Mrs. Snacks.

For the space of three weeks no nosegay's scent  
Than their mutual loves could be sweeter;  
But, sad to relate, to blows soon they went,

And while Mistress Snacks scolded, John  
beat her:

Wronged Mrs. Snacks.

The cause of this strife 'tis right I should tell;  
Who will blame Mistress Snacks? who? why,  
no man;

For somehow she learnt that John loved full as  
well

As herself,—another young woman!

Sad Mr. Snacks.

The thought of John's perfidy troubled her so,  
Mistress Snacks soon fell into a fever;  
From which recovered she never; for oh!  
Death took her from Johnny for ever.

Poor Mrs. Snacks.

But John soon lamented, (at least so he own'd,)  
That e'er to his bow he had two strings;  
Mark the end,—one morn in his bed he was  
found,

And tight round his neck were his shoe-strings:  
Poor Mr. Snacks!

Now, gentlemen all, of every degree,  
To your own wives oh! ever be trueful;  
And if that the ladies but loving will be,  
We all may escape the fate rueful

Of poor John Snacks and Mrs. Snacks.  
L.

## Fine Arts.

## WARD'S GALLERY.

'I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have  
not much skill in grass.'—SHAKESPEARE. ALL'S  
WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Act, 4, Scene 5.

THE beau ideal of animal portrai-  
ture, exhibited in the principal picture  
of Mr. Ward's Gallery, is well worthy  
the attention, and cannot fail to win  
the admiration, of the cognoscenti. The  
principal figure, a bull of the Alder-  
ney breed, is exquisitely finished; and  
its animated conception, together with  
the strength, yet mellowness of execu-  
tion it displays, may, in the compara-  
tive estimate of ancient and modern art,  
add considerable weight to the latter  
scale. The celebrated picture by Paul  
Potter, on a similar subject, is become  
'familiar in our mouths as household  
words,' yet I much question whether  
the most vehement stickler for ancient  
talent, and the most violent sneerer at  
modern rivalry, will not confess that this  
emulative effort raises the fame of Mr.  
Ward to a height which fully equalizes  
that of the great man just mentioned.  
I have no great affection for animals of  
this kind,—that is upon canvass,—nor  
do I ever recollect that the most speak-  
ing representations of these dumb crea-  
tures by a Cuyp, or a Potter, or a Glo-  
ver, or a Ward, have ever thrown me  
into an ecstasy, or, as an enthusiastic  
friend of mine once related to me of  
himself, have ever taken away my  
breath, when introduced to them on a  
sudden.

A spider is as beautiful a thing as a  
man, in respect of the fitness to the pro-



posed end, yet I cannot say but what I should gaze with greater admiration on a set of Salvator's banditti looking out for travellers, than upon the finest and most characteristic representation of a bloated old representative of the Arachnean family, sitting in the corner of his web, and longing for the buzz of a fly's wing in his inextricable toils. In like manner I am free to own, that I cannot but feel a sort of melancholy in my mind, proportionate to the talent displayed, when I look upon the works of an artist, exclusively devoting abilities far above the common stamp to the translation to canvass of subjects connected with irrational life. There may be genius in the dictation, and energy and skill in the transcription of compositions of this nature, but this only enhances the regret I feel at the misapplication (apparent at least) of such capabilities to subjects of so trivial and uninteresting a nature.

But I am detailing my own feelings, when I should be inducing my reader to gratify his own:—and, after all, there is no disputing about tastes:—and, as I have still less disposition to quarrel about them, those, whose inclination is turned this way, may be assured they will experience the greatest possible treat in visiting Mr. Ward's Gallery. For justness, vigour, and beauty of contour, for the most exquisite union of colour and shade,—so exquisite, that with the most perfect richness, mellowness and naturalness of colouring is combined, the finest judgment in its distinction from the various effects of shadowing and half-shadowing, and for the finest relief that perhaps has ever been seen,—the principal figure in this groupe is equal or perhaps superior to any effort whatever of human art.—The cow and calf which belong to this portion of the groupe are in a similar style of excellence, though not perhaps in so great a degree,—but they are surpassed by the recumbent cow in the foreground;—the attitude of which is in the finest taste, and the foreshortening managed with proportionate dexterity and beauty. The two sheep, however, coupled with this animal in front, are decidedly inferior; and, though delightful in their drawing as well as colouring, they are flat, and considerably obviate the effect which the picture is otherwise well calculated to produce. There are, indeed, two or three things of a similar nature in this performance, which incline us to think rather unfavourably of the artist's perseverance. The herb-

age, &c. which, in a piece of this kind, ought to have almost the accuracy of flower-painting, are thrown in with a carelessness, which does not seem to have aimed at any thing beyond mediocrity, a quality which, however well it may fare in modern prudence, in poetry and painting, neither gods, men, nor critics can endure. The trees, which are introduced in the foreground, are, if possible, worse, and are left in pretty much the same state with those of the unfinished picture on the right hand of the room: a picture which, by the bye, ought not, in its present state, to have been there at all. With respect to the vegetable prodigies in the subject of our present consideration, Mr. Ward must be aware that mis-shapen and grotesque monstrosities in form do not constitute the picturesque; and that a total want of Ruysdael's scattered translucency is very far from constituting foliage: that colouring, like that of a chimney-sweeper's face on May-day, is not a careful study from a birch tree or an ash; and that harshness of opposition, crudity of colouring, and a precipitous depth of shadow, are not the methods resorted to by the most approved masters for the working out of an agreeable contrast. The neglect of his foregrounds is indeed the besetting sin of this great artist; though, if it is any where venial, it is least of all so in the representation of those objects which are his characterising excellence. In almost all his performances, the beauty, life, and energy of the animal he has delineated, are almost sure to be depreciated by something common-place, or niggardly in the foreground. These are deficiencies which call loudly for amendment, and I am fully persuaded that Mr. Ward, were he conscious of the appearance of slovenliness by which his pictures are hence deformed, would cease to risk his fame, by so unseemly a relaxation of his labours at the very moment when they may be about to be crowned with success.

Several of the smaller pieces in this Gallery will not rest without a notice; and as we have a little room to spare for satisfying their claims, they shall not be excluded. 'A Horse springing from the lunge of a wild boar,' No. 9, is very fine, as are 'Primrose,' No. 13, and 'Dr. Syntax,' No. 16. Various 'Studies,' No. 34, are executed with peculiar spirit and surprising accuracy. Several Studies, in chalk, display a freeness and mellowness of touch, a sweetness of handling, and a delicacy

of delineation, which we seldom see surpassed. Three of them, 'Charity,' 'Justice,' and 'Faith,' 59, 60, and 61, are distinguished by a beauty and feeling of conception which ought to be cultivated. A copy from Titian's 'Bath of Diana,' No. 69, is good. 'An Arabian,' No. 98, a small study, is, perhaps, as fine a thing as the pencil of this artist has ever produced: the neck streaming with the sheeted mane, like lightning dancing over the irregular clouds, recalls to one's mind the sublime and imaginative expression, applied to the courser of Araby, in the Scriptures:—'Thou hast clothed his neck with thunder.' The 'Angel of Bethesda,' seems to have been selected as a subject for No. 101, merely to show how well Mr. Ward could paint a beautiful pair of birds' wings; as in his great allegorical 'Waterloo,' the principal, perhaps, the only excellence consisted in the beautiful detail of various articles of still or irrational life therein introduced. C. A. MONCK.

### The Drama.

THE dog-day heat of the last week has been as unfavourable to the winter theatres as it has been favourable to Vauxhall; and, consequently, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, with all their attractions, have been comparatively deserted for the cooling air and artificial fireworks of the royal gardens at Vauxhall. At Drury Lane, Mr. Kean and Mr. Braham have played some of their best characters in their best style to as good houses as could be expected at this season; and at Covent Garden, there have been nothing but benefits, all of which have been well attended, except that for the benefit of the suffering Irish, on Saturday night, which did not draw a good audience.

The Haymarket Theatre opens on Saturday for the same charitable purpose, with an excellent company, including Terry, Charles Kemble, Liston, Jones, Tayleure, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Johnston, and some new performers of provincial celebrity. Mr. T. Dibdin, whose talents, activity, and experience, so strongly recommend him for such a charge, is to be the manager.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Here Mathews still rules triumphant; but his reign will now be short, as he will give way to the operatic summer season, which begins at the end of the month. Among the performers engaged is that delightful syren Miss Carew.



## Literature and Science.

The publishers of the 'Fortunes of Nigel' have announced a life of George Heriot, Jeweller to James I. merely on the strength of the novel, where he has been dragged in, *volens volens*, to play a first fiddle, which, however, might have been as well played by any other person. There is really no limit to the cupidity of some persons.

New editions of 'Sir Andrew Wyllie,' the 'Annals of the Parish,' and 'The Provost,' are in the press; we should not be much surprised to see the author of these works strongly contesting the palm of immortality with the author of Waverley; and if the latter be prevailed upon to write a few more such novels as the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' he must resign the championship in the regions of fiction and romance.

A discovery of fossil remains, similar to those usually found in alluvial soils, was recently made at Atwick, near Hornsea. The portion of a tusk has been presented to Dr. Alderson, of this place, and is now in the shop of Mr. Rodford; it is about thirty eight inches in length, twenty inches in circumference at the lower end, and weighs four stone two pounds. It is of fine ivory, except where slightly discomposed at the fractures, by lying in the earth, and has probably been thrice as long when entire. Conjecture has assigned this fine remnant of former days to the Mammoth—but erroneously. It is, beyond doubt, the tusk of the fossil elephant, an animal described by Cuvier as of a distinct race from the Indian or African elephant, but most resembling the former; and which might probably, therefore, be capable of living in a more temperate climate. The tusk of the Mammoth, as appears by the skeleton of one put together by M. Cuvier, is of a much greater curvature than the present, similar ones to which have been discovered in various parts of England, particularly on the east coast, and one recently near Bridlington. It was found on the sea shore, having no doubt fallen from the cliff, where other portions may exist, although such remains are not unfrequently discovered unaccompanied by other bones. —*Hull Advertiser.*

## The Bee.

*Roman Revenues in England.*—The revenues which the Romans and Italians had in England in the time of

Henry III. was found to be annually 6000 marks, which was more than the yearly revenues of the crown of England.

*Hobblers* were men who, by their tenure, were obliged to maintain a little light nag for the certifying any invasion towards the sea side. Are not our *yeomanry* **HOBBLERS** upon this position?

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

Momus shall have early attention. The communications of O. F., E. B., and Q. in the corner, have been received. 'Night' in our next.

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